

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1873.

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The Bloomfield Record.

Local Newspaper.

Only \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

OFFICE, GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR M. & E. DEPOT.

Independent, Non Partisan, Incorruptible.

Devoted to

LOCAL AFFAIRS,
GENERAL NEWS,
CHOICE LITERATURE,
HOME CULTURE AND IMPROVEMENT.

"The Record"

Is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printed
in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of
THE PEOPLE.

Legitimate Advertisements

Inserted on reasonable terms. Advertisers who avail
themselves of its columns will find it a first-class medium,
circulating as it does in the best families of
Bloomfield, Montclair, and vicinity.

"THE RECORD"

Job Printing Office

Is furnished with the

Newest and Latest Styles of Type.

MATERIAL AND PRESSES.

We are prepared to do Promptly and in the Neatest
Manner ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, Such as
BILL HEADS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
PROGRAMMES,
HAND BILLS,
POSTERS,
PAMPHLETS,
A.C., &C., &C.

Patrons of the Home Office.

Banks and Insurance.

People's Savings Institution,
445 BROAD STREET,

NEWARK, OCTOBER 18TH 1873.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers held this day,
a dividend at the rate of

7 Per Cent. Per Annum

was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st
of November, payable on or after November 15th, and
if not drawn, to be counted as principal from Novem-
ber 1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st will draw
interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President.

ALEX. GRANT, Treasurer.

INSURE IN THE

HUMBOLDT

(MUTUAL)

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS OVER \$200,000.

OFFICE 133 BROAD STREET,

(East County National Bank Building.)

NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage by
fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Merchandise,
at favorable rates, either on the MUTUAL or NON-PARTI-
CIPATING PLAN.

OFFICERS:

ELMER F. HODGINS, Sec'y. GEORGE BROWN, Pres't.

JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas'r. E. W. McCLAVE, Vice Pres't

Newark Savings Institution.

800, 804, 804 Broad St., Cor. Mechanic St.,

NEWARK, N. J.

DEPOSITS made on or before Oct. 1st draw interest
from that date.

DANIEL DODD, Pres't.

WM. D. CARTER, Treas.

ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL

INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHARTERED IN 1843.

Office on Liberty street, a few doors east of Broad,

BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings, Barns,
stores and other country property, on terms more favor-
able than any other Company. It has no policy risks,
and is therefore liable to no great disaster like the Chi-
cago fire. Z. B. DODD, President.

T. C. DODD, Sec'y.

Bloomfield Savings Institution,

LIBERTY STREET, NEAR BROAD.

On the 20th of July next this Institution will pay
interest at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. per an-
num on all sums which shall have remained on deposit
for three months next preceding the

First Day of July Next,

which interest, if not withdrawn, will itself bear
interest from said first day of July. And all sums de-
posited on or before the first day of July next, will bear
interest from that date.

T. C. DODD, Treas.

Professional and Business Cards.

D. C. S. STOCKTON.

DENTIST.

(Successor to Drs. Colburn)

No 15 Cedar street,

Newark, N. J.

J. B. PITT, M. D.

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presby-
terian Church.

Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

F. E. BAILEY, M. D.

RESIDENCE:

C. W. JOHNSON'S, FRANKLIN ST.

Office hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M.

JAMES HUGHES.

SURVEYOR:

OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS TAYLOR,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES,

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

BLOOMFIELD AVE.,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

P. HURLBURT,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

SHOP ON ARTISAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Opposite the Railroad Depot.

STAIR BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all
kinds Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT

DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE,

Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND,

PRACTICAL PAINTER,

SIGN-WRITING,

ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,

GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c.

Corner Linden Avenue and Thomas Street,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

22- All orders promptly executed.

R. LEWIS,

Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, ex-
ecutes Repairs of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and
Pamphlets with neatness and dispatch.

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

SAMUEL CARL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Keeps constantly on hand

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE

CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

JAMES BERRY,

WASHINGTON AVE., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also Gen-
eral TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JAMES ALBRINSON,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

MYRTLE STREET,

Near Watessing Depot, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOHN JAGER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Jan. 23-1y

SMITH E. PERRY

REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER,

BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,

Bloomfield, New Jersey.

THEODORE CADMUS,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

All kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Residence, Thomas street. Shop, State street, near

Liberty.

BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

R. D. BROWER,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY.

WATNESSING DEPOT,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Houses and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

Miscellany.

SUMMER'S WOODING.

Along the upland's timbered ledge
Stole a breath one starlit night,
And lo! next morn the woodland ledge
Scarlet-glowed with blazes bright.

The cheek and brow of Summer pure
Crimson flushed with maiden shame,
And burne before so bold a wooer
More and more till all a flame.

With heavily crowned and filled with dreaming,
Sate she queen upon her throne;
Soft days of gold and nights of gleaming
Rayed her round with glory's zone.

Into her lap dropped carpeted sheafage;
Round her stores of riches poured;
Beneath its wealth of amber patage
Fruited deep the earth was flooded.

The wine of life that pulsed so redly,
Purple wine of love became
And stains of vintage still as deadly
Flecked the hills of tanned flame.

O Summer! quaffing deep the beaker
Death is pressing to thy lips,
Beware its strength, for thou art weaker
Far than he who daily sips.

The day spoke love into the morning,
Morning answered back the day,
The stars peeped down, but saw no warning,
When our summer fled away.

O Summer! sped from off the river,
Gone from out the tunnel grove,
Say, with the least thought fled forever,
Melted from our clasp of love?

Into some laughing southern valley,
Where the waters cry and gleam,
Within whose walls thou still shalt daily
Waiting, there, till thou dost dream?

No more do catch thy loving token
On the way marked wall,
Thy Kingdom's gone, thy empire's broken,
Autumn's won thee, leaves thy fall.

Ahead, upon the north wind riding,
"Waisth thy way to the north grove,"
"Ah!" he shouteth, scorn deriding,
"Summer dith when she loves!"

And crushed against his heart he'd wear thee,
Till thy life had paid its due;
In his wine-press he'd bear thee,
Trailing in the old and out the new.

—Graphic.

VARIETIES.

Every body is economizing.
A green-grocer—one who trusts.
The higher we take the thermometer up a
mountain the lower it gets.
Putting up a stove pipe in Danbury is
politely termed "attending a black crook
nastiness."
On week days you buy your music by the
sheet; on Sundays you can have it by the
choir for nothing.
A man on being asked for an appropriate
inscription for a founding asylum, pro-
posed: "Thus far, but no farther."
The bats are so thick at Yorktown, Va.,
that evening church services are interrupted
by the minister dodging.
A teacher at Cairo, Ill., lately thrashed a
small boy nearly to death because he refused to
multiply 63 by 7.
"I hate to die—I wanted to wear my blue
redingote to Mrs. George's party," were the
dying words of the belle of Kansas City.
A western moralist thinks it is easier to
run a needle through the eye of a camel than
to lunge a rich man in New York.
A Tennessee paper tells of the presenta-
tion to a citizen of Nashville of the "ink-
stand used by Gen. Jackson at the battle of
New Orleans."
The reputation of a man is like his shad-
ow; it sometimes follows and sometimes
precedes him; it is sometimes longer, and
sometimes shorter, than his natural size.
An editor once wrote: "We have received
a basket of strawberries from Mr. Smith,
for which we will accept our compliments,
some of which are four inches in circumfer-
ence."
An old woman in Opelousas, La., who
had been robbed by two masked men of
\$2,000, and forced to make some coffee for
the thieves, dropped a dose of strychnine
in their cups and got her money back.
It was an editor in Utah that asked his
subscribers to pay him, in order that he
might play the same joke on his creditors;
but the same straw that tickled the Utah
man has gone the rounds of the press, and
now animates the editors of lots of pa-
pers.
At a wedding in Lancaster, N. H., a few
days since, a hackman forgot his engage-
ment to take the newly married couple to
the railway station after the ceremony, and
a boy who was sent on horseback for a car-
riage ran over an old lady, badly injuring
her. The reverend gentleman who married
the couple, in his haste to back his horse
and carrying out of the stable, for their use
in the emergency, backed the concern off a
drive way and hurt himself so that he was
unable to preach on the next Sunday. But
the couple reached the station in season.

A Damper on Peddlers.

In Virginia City a gentleman has placed
on each side of the gravel walk leading from
his front gate to his door a handsome iron
fence, the top rail of which is made of gas
pipe filled with small holes. Before he thus
fenced his walk he was much trouble by
book agents, map peddlers and persistent
life insurance men, but now all is lovely
with him. When he sees a man enter his
gate with books under his arm he simply
turns a cock and instantly a thousand
streams of water dart across the whole length
of the walk from side to side. The book
peddler retreats to the gate, gazes wistfully
up the walk for a time, concludes the man of
the house does not want to see him and he
travels, wondering what sort of infernal ma-
chines people will next invent for the dis-
couragement of honest industry.

The Tribune building will probably be
the largest and finest newspaper office in the
world. It will cover a space nearly one half
larger than that occupied by any other news-
paper in New York, and will be nine stories
high, with two passenger elevators. The
building, exclusive of the ground, which is
exceedingly valuable, will cost six hundred
thousand dollars.

Written for the Bloomfield Record.

ROMIE.

It was midnight. Dark clouds had rolled
up from the west, obscuring the stars and
rendering the gloom of night intense. Cold
and heavy gusts of wind, laden with vapors,
swept through the deep gorge, sighing
among the pine branches and whistling
through rocky crevices.
At this midnight hour and amid such a
scene Dr. Arnold traversed the path which
led to his suburban home.
As cloud after cloud moved up from the
horizon, the gloom deepened, the mist
changed to rain-drops, and the voice of the
storm grew momentarily more deafening.
Dr. Arnold pressed hurriedly forward,
eager to escape from so dismal a place as
the gorge, when a soft, plaintive sound
reached his ear—a moan, he thought; he
stopped and listened but was not rewarded,
and thinking it a mere sport of the wind,
resumed his steps.
Again a long-drawn moan, this time close
beside him: looking down a small, light
figure, half hidden by the bushes, was dis-
cernible. It seemed impossible that any
human being could be so cruel as to leave a
young slight creature as this out in so wild
a storm to suffer. Dr. Arnold, being a true
friend to the suffering, caught up the small
form with little ado, covered him warmly
with his great coat, and again bent to the
wind. A short walk beyond the ravine
brought him to his own dwelling, where,
amid warmth and light, his burden was de-
posited on the lounge for examination while
eager ones naturally crowded around "to
see."
As the little form was still shivering from
the recent exposure, it was suggested that
the lounge be drawn to the fire, while the
servant was sent to prepare a bath and food.
In the meantime darkness was obscuring
the usually fair brow of Mrs. Arnold. Soon
she inquired—
"Where did you pick up such a skeleton,
and why did you bring him here? I think
I have sufficient care already."
"Care," said the doctor, thoughtfully,
"that did not occur to me, but if we decide
to keep the little stranger, I think he will
not prove a burden, and might be a pleas-
ant companion for Mina."
Mina was an only child, and as Dr. Ar-
nold's home was remote from the town, she
often lacked playmates. Her nearest friend
lived some way, but the distance was too
great to make companionship available.
Still somewhat dissatisfied, Mrs. Arnold
questioned as to the circumstances of his
discovery and history. No facts could be
obtained about the latter, but on a trinket
worn around the neck was found the name
"Romie," and as it seemed very appropri-
ate, it was adopted at once. Mrs. Arnold
was as kind as her husband in heart, willing
and desirous to relieve the distressed, but
like any other woman, she hesitated about
receiving into her family one that might
prove a constant care, and was rather dis-
mayed at her husband's apparent design
to keep Romie, notwithstanding prob-
able antecedents, present condition, and his un-
promising aspect for the future. Never-
theless for the present she would make him
comfortable.
Romie had had a bath, and was now sitting
before the fire, toasting his little white feet.
In the morning he seemed quite recovered,
and evinced curiosity about everything.
Mina was delighted with Romie's society.
He had a multitude of cunning ways which
were likely to make him a pet with all.
Romie, though young, was not devoid of
gratitude, and often rewarded his friends
for their trouble with looks of love and
thanks which he was not always able to utter.
However, they did not wish to become
too deeply attached to their new charge for
fear some prior claim might be urged, and
he taken from them. But weeks passed.
No bell was rung for the lost one; no an-
xious father or mother advertised for their
stray child; and at length fear ceased; Ro-
mie was made permanently a member of
the family. Romie often drove to town
with Dr. Arnold, and while the latter was
engaged in his office he played outside with
the boys. If Dr. Arnold returned weary
in the evening, Romie would come bound-
ing to meet him, and a good romp around
the garden dispelled all fatigue. Later, in
the lighted parlor, Romie slept in the great
arm-chair or played with Mina before the
bright grate fire.
He became almost as indispensable as
any member of the family. But alas! one
afternoon Romie was missed. Mina searched
long for him, but vainly. Toward evening
the family turned out in a body, directing
their course toward the gorge where flowed
a rapid and deep stream. It was not prob-
able that he had strayed so far, yet no one
was willing to relinquish the search without
going there. They had not proceeded far
when a light object at the farther end of the
garden attracted their attention. It proved
to be Romie, stretched lifeless on the ground.
Mina was uncontrollable in her grief, and
had to be carried away.
Investigation showed that he had been
having a dispute with a neighbor's large
dog, a fierce, strong animal. Romie was too
small to cope with him, and thus ignobly
perished.
Such was the end to which came Romie,
the gentlest, prettiest of dogs, small, white,
and soft, an intelligent playmate, a grateful
creature and the lamented pet of the house-
hold.

Ladies' Society.

The man who frequents ladies' society
must get rid, externally, at least, of a good
deal of disagreeable male selfishness. In a
club-room every one makes himself as com-
fortable as he can, perfectly regardless of
his neighbors' convenience; at a bachelor's
party everybody snaps at what he likes best.
No such system would, for an instant, be tol-
erated in a ball-room. There, a man learns
that there are other creatures in the world
beside himself: his partner's wishes must
be his laws for the night at supper. However
hungry, he must wait till the ladies are served;
choice tid-bits, that he would like ever
so much, he must see, without a sigh, dis-
appear into the dainty little mouths; how-
ever tired, he must stand, that the ladies
may sit. Sacrifices, no matter how small,
when freely made, refine the feelings, and
awaken generous emotions.
The constant deference which ladies very
properly exact from their male friends, pro-
motes a courtesy of bearing and politeness
of manner that accompany a man in his
daily intercourse with his own sex, and with-
out lessening his manliness, greatly contri-
butes to the general comfort. Moreover,
woman move in a purer atmosphere than
men; despite the naughty language put in-
to fair mouths by sensation novelists, we be-
lieve that, in the main, the conversation of
cultivated women, if not very profound, is
always graceful and refined. Women are
more frequently than men actuated by lofty
feelings of religion and humanity; they are
more ethereal in their ideas and aspirations.
Men are all the better for coming at times
within the reach of female influence, which
ethically and aesthetically is so much superior
to what their daily struggles with the world
so often bring them in contact with.
A knowledge of dancing is a *sine qua non*
to enjoying much ladies' society out of one's
own family circle. Consequently we would
have all young men "decently" made up in
this graceful accomplishment. Very much, we
know, has been written and spoken against
it, greatly, we think, under a misapprehen-
sion. We can conceive few-door amuse-
ments more agreeable and innocent, and
those parents who, from motives that, in
many cases, deserve respect, keep their chil-
dren in ignorance of this delightful art,
ought to consider of how much harmless
pleasure they deprive their daughters, and
to what danger they expose their sons.
Young men soon become independent of pa-
rental control, and will amuse themselves in
some shape or other. Surely the ball-room
affords a safer means of relaxing than the
tavern, and it often happens that choice must
be made between them. Ladies' society,
"pure" the Saturday Review, is a steady
promoter of temperance—the square of
chances must be sober.
Ladies have been accused, rather unjustly,
it appears to us, of encouraging dancing as
the most effectual way of husband catch-
ing. We are not prepared to swear that
the blooming mamma of seven promising
daughters has not some idea of the kind
floating through her mind when issuing her
cards of invitation for her next dance; but
the seven artless dears themselves are think-
ing only of the excitement of flirting. And
truly he would be a churlish swain who
would object to be enslaved by some snowy
nymph, all gauze and smiles, in the maze of
a waltz, with his ears charmed by witching
music. Can a more delightful means of
effecting a laudable object be devised?
—Home Journal.

Henry Ward Beecher on Interest.

No bluster draws sharper than does the in-
terest. Of all industries, none is compar-
able to that interest. It works all day and
night; in fair weather and foul. It has no
sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It
gnaws at a man's substance with invisible
teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a
fly is bound in a spider's web. Debts roll a
man over and over, blinding hand and foot,
and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh
until the long-legged interest devours him.
There is but one thing on a farm like it, and
that is the Canada thistle, which swarms men
plants every time you break its roots, whose
blossoms are prolific, and every flower the
gatherer of a million seeds. Every leaf is an
awl, every branch a spear, and every plant
like a platoon of bayonets, and a field of
them like an armed host. The whole plant
is a torment and vegetable curse. And yet
a farmer had better make his bed of Canada
thistles than to be at ease upon interest.

American Society.

There is really growing to be something
which may be strictly called Society in
America. We are discovering that Society
does not mean a collection of rich people,
whose possessions permit them to any sort
of extravagance; but that it means all sorts
of people; those who have much money and
those who have little; those who are clever
and those who are dull; those whose man-
sions will hold hundreds, and those whose
parlors are crowded with fifty. And the
last is the most important discovery. The
left-out feeling that many persons of moder-
ate means have had is passing away. They
find they can take a graceful part in social
life without too great outlay of time and
money; and they embrace the opportunity
with cordiality. Society must always be so
different in this country from what it is any-
where else that no comparison is possible;
but it cannot fail to have a freer and a
various very attractive. —Scraper.

How Mark Twain Got his Rich Wife.

Mr. D. S. Noyes, in a Buffalo letter to
the Washington Star, says: Buffalo has
many reminiscences of Mark Twain, and of
his remarkable attempt at a publishing a
newspaper on an entirely new plan. After
his return from the Holy Land, (per Quaker
City,) Mark took a wife and purchased
the third interest in the Buffalo Express,
owned by A. M. Clapp, Public Printer.
They say that Mark's style of newspaper
work was unique. He is not an early riser,
and is as slow of movements as of speech;
consequently he didn't get to the office very
early in the morning. And when there his
movements were not characterized by nerv-
ous haste.
Seating himself in a capacious pivot chair,
his first move was to deposit his boots in his
waste basket and replace them with roomy
slippers. Then elevating his slippers to
a comfortable cushion on the exchange
papers (their only legitimate use in his es-
timation), it was his wont to lay back in his
chair, swinging himself lazily on its pivot,
and tell stories of wit and wisdom by the
hour to the associate editors. This was
vastly pleasant to all concerned, but some-
how it did not work in the way of a news-
paper, and at the end of six weeks Mark
came to the conclusion that publishing a
newspaper was not his forte.
He, however, retained his interest in the
Express for about a year and a half, though,
as aforesaid, he did not take part in the
"active" management for more than six
weeks. Mark married the daughter of Jar-
vis Langdon, of Elmira, N. Y., the heaviest
coal operator in the West. His property
was valued as high as ten million dollars in
his life, and had he lived to get all his iron
out of the fire, perhaps that amount might
have been realized, but leaving everything
by the ends, there has been a great "shrink-
age" (the word I believe) in the value of as-
sets.
Still there is enough left to divide a trifle
of a few millions between Mark's wife and her
brother, Charles Langdon. It was through
this brother, by the way, that Mark got his
wife. "Charley" was one of the "Innocents
Abroad" who accompanied Clemens on his
famous trip on the Quaker City, and wrote
home so enthusiastically about Mark Twain
that Mr. Langdon, Sr., sent him a cordial
invitation to visit them at Elmira. The re-
sult was the meeting of Mark and Miss Lan-
gdon, a case of love at first sight, and the
twain becoming one.

The Heroine of the Scourge.

A Bloomington (Ill.) paper says that Miss
Mattie Stephenson, who died at Memphis of
yellow fever, contracted while nursing
sick, was for some time in the service of Mr.
O. T. Reeves, of Normal. That gentleman
testifies to the nobility of her character.
She was resolute and fearless, yet gentle
and unassuming. She was a devout Chris-
tian; conscientious